

Kenyon College

Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange

Mount Vernon Banner Historic Newspaper 1860

11-20-1860

Mount Vernon Democratic Banner November 20, 1860

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digital.kenyon.edu/banner1860>



Part of the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

"Mount Vernon Democratic Banner November 20, 1860" (1860). *Mount Vernon Banner Historic Newspaper 1860*. 37.
<https://digital.kenyon.edu/banner1860/37>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. It has been accepted for inclusion in Mount Vernon Banner Historic Newspaper 1860 by an authorized administrator of Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. For more information, please contact noltj@kenyon.edu.

Mt. Vernon Democratic Banner

VOLUME XXIV.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO: TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1860.

NUMBER 31.

The Mt. Vernon Democratic Banner
IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING,
BY L. HARPER.

Office in Woodward's Block, Third Story
TERMS: Two dollars per annum, payable in advance; \$2.50 within six months; \$3.00 after the expiration of the year. Clubs of twenty, \$1.50 each.

Choice Poetry.

Beautiful Verses.

The happy events that have crowned so many hopes, recently, in the domestic circle of this city, have called from its place in a cherished old scrap book, the following pretty and appropriate lines:

A Curious Question.

BY SPENCER W. COLE.

A daughter!—What brought her?
Well, what brought her?
Kitty asks, "how came she here?"
Half in joy and half in fear.
Kitty is our oldest child,
Eight years old, and rather wild—
Wild in manner, but in mind—
Wishing all things well defined.
Kitty says, "How came she here,
Father? Tell me. It's so queer,
Yesterday we had no sister.
Else I'm sure I should have missed her.
When I went to bed last night,
And this morning hailed her sight
With a strange and new delight.
For indeed it passes all
To have a sister make a fall.
As my doll; and with blue eyes;
And, I declare! it cries:
'I wish I didn't see her father;
Or I'm sure I had much rather
Stayed at home still as a mouse,
Than played all day at Grand-ma's house.
She is so pretty and so tiny;
And what makes her face so shiny?
Will it always be like that?
Will she swell up plump and fat
Like my little doll or tell
Like my doll?—Tell me all—
All about her papa dear,
For I do so long to hear
Where she came from and what brought her
Yours and mine's own dear daughter."

A daughter—another daughter!
And the question is, "What brought her?"
Spencer, our boy, but three years old,
Says the nurse said—and is bold
In defiance of them both—
Since to yield his place he's loth
And, pointing to her life's note, points
When I declare 'tis out of joint.
But the child's explanation
Is food enough for child vexation.
We older folks must better find
So feed the hunger of the mind.
To us of larger issues preaching
This link of life eternal, reaching
From earth to heaven—this new-born soul
Come fresh from where forever roils
His countless years through yonder heaven
Hath deeper cause for thinking given.

A daughter!—What brought her?
No matter what she comes to bring
A blessing in her life's young spring
No matter darling! she is here—
Our daughter, sister, baby dear,
Open your hearts and let her enter—
Open them wide, for God hath sent her.

Tales and Sketches.

(From Once A Week.)

WANTED. A DIAMOND RING.

I saw it kicked by the careless Balmors of a jaunty nurse; I saw a fat morsel of humanity make for it with a hey!—broken into divers heave-eyes by pudgy trotting—and I stooped and secured, thereby causing the fat one to pull up short, stare at me with two black currant stalks in a dreary expanse of dough, insert a dumpy thumb in an orifice of the same expanse, and trot back again with that stolid resignation under disappointment which is the peculiar attribute of the London infant population.

Having ascertained the nature of my prize, I proceeded to meditate on the proper course to be taken, which meditation resulted in the following advertisement:

FOUND this evening, Wednesday, in the Regent's Park, nearly opposite the New College, a valuable ring. The owner may recover it by calling at No. 13 Wilton Place, &c.

Before noon on the following day I was making my most courteous bow to a venerable looking old gentleman whose white hairs and benevolent smile added a double charm to the grace with which he stepped forward, and, waving ceremony, extended his hand, saying:

"You have taken a weight from my mind, my young friend, and must allow me to thank you." The insinuating delicacy of the adjective (I am not more than forty-five) was, perhaps, not without its effect. I accepted the offered pledge of amity in respectable silence.

"A young man," continued the patriarch, "may possibly find it difficult to understand how the loss of a trinket can be a source of positive suffering to an old one, but—I am alluding to my lost ring—there are associations connected with it which—ahem! This is childish, you will excuse my emotion."

I bowed profoundly in the presence of this natural agitation.

"I have passed some hours of sleeplessness and distress, from which you have been the means of relieving me—I feel deeply indebted to you. There remains nothing now but to reimburse you for—"

Here the old man drew forth his purse, and proceeded to unclasp it.

"Excuse me, sir," I stammered rather hurriedly, "but if the ring is yours, you can doubtless describe the armorial bearings?"

"Armorial bearings, sir! It was a diamond ring."

"A plain diamond ring!" repeated the old gentleman, sternly. "Do not attempt to play tricks with me, young man. I will point out to you directly—"

"I beg your pardon," said I, drawing back from the outstretched hand, "but, as the ring in my possession is assuredly engraved with a crest and motto, I conclude it cannot be the one you are in search of."

"Speed the parting, welcome the coming guest," is a very good motto. I made no attempt to detain my venerable friend, but, as he turned towards the door, I am certain I saw beneath the silver hairs a lock of dark and shining brown.

My next visitor was a lady extensively got up of imposing height and carriage, rugged, accented, spectacled.

"We meet under the singular circumstances," began this lady, with condescending haughtiness. I am the principal of a college for young ladies—"

With a deferential acknowledgment of the honor done me, I begged to know what had produced it.

"In the hours of recreation we are accustomed to promenade in the Park—a delightful spot, so suggestive of the blushing country! during our ramble yesterday, a young lady under my charge was unfortunately enough to lose her ring. You, sir, are the fortunate finder."

"I certainly did, madam, pick up a ring but—"

"All how grateful my dear pupil will be at beholding it again!" exclaimed the teacher of youth, clasping her hands, ecstatically.

"May I trouble you to describe the ring, sir—handsome massive but plain."

"And the crest?"

"The crest! Alas! that my young charge were with me. Stupid! to have forgotten. The crest of the Deloraines. Is it a lion passant or—No, I am wrong. Unfortunately, that she should be so unwell to accompany me! But it is immaterial. I will take it for her inspection—she will be able to recognize it at once."

"I fear, madam, that I should scarcely be justified—"

"Sir?"

"I feel it my duty," I said, firmly, "under the circumstances, to take every precaution against mistakes. I trust the young lady is not too seriously indisposed to give you the necessary description."

"Very well, sir! Exceedingly well! It is I who have been mistaken. I fancied—yes, actually fancied—that I was speaking to a gentleman. You will find, sir, to your cost, that the lady principal of a college is not to be insulted with impunity. I wish you a good morning."

"Very harrowing this. I am scarcely recovered from the lady principal when there is a dash of wheels to the door, and a young fellow, flinging the reins to a groom in livery, springs up the steps to the door bell."

"Oh, dash it!" he begins, breathing out a volume of stale tobacco; "I beg your pardon, and that, but the old woman—dash it, I mean my mother—told me I should find my ring here, so I ordered out the vessel and the cats and spun off like nincompoop for it."

"I shall be very glad to restore the ring I was unfortunate enough to find when I discover its owner."

"Discover! dash it! Didn't I tell you that it's mine? I say, I wish you wouldn't be so precious slow—I don't want the cats to catch cold. I have just had 'em shampooed, you know, naphthalene and that."

"What sort of ring was yours?"

"What sort! Oh, come, as if you didn't know—that's good."

"I imagined that I should be glad to find out if he knew."

"Not know my own ring, eh! I know that it's worth a couple of ponies. Come, let's hear the damage, and I'll stump up."

"You can describe the device?"

"Device, eh? What, the governor's? Bless you, he has a device for every hour in the day, to do me out of my rightful allowance. Devil! Out come, you don't expect me to do the heraldic dodge, dash it!"

"I cannot give up the ring unless you describe it."

"Oh, dash it, don't chaff a fellow, now. I shouldn't care a rap about the thing, only it belonged to some defunct party, and the governor cut up so deuced rough. I'll swap you any one of these for it, because of the governor."

I respectfully declined the proposal.

"Well, dash it! exclaimed the young fellow, as though struck with a sudden idea, what a couple of muffs we are! Why don't you turf the thing? I could tell in a minute if it's mine, dash it!"

I replied that I was sorry I could not oblige him, and adding that he had better obtain an exact description of the "thing from his governor. I recommended him not to keep the cats any longer in the cold."

Mem. I am getting exceedingly tired of my treasure trove. I retired to my room with a view of dressing to go out. I am informed that a lady wishes to see me, and I am afraid my mental ejaculation was not complimentary to the lady in question.

A tall, graceful figure, draped in heavy mourning, rises at my entrance. She opens the negotiation in some confusion, turning away her face. She has come to me in the hope of regaining a ring, carelessly lost, the parting gift of a fond father to her brother and herself.

My eye rests on the crape about her dress, on her pale beautiful face from which the blush of confusion and timidity has faded. Deferentially, I request her to describe it.

"A large diamond, handsome," she verily believed, but valuable to her for other reasons."

"But," I said gently, "based on the gold inside there is—"

"A crest, I am aware of it," she answered, sadly, "but I know nothing whatever of heraldry and have never given it more than a casual glance. My brother is dying, sir, she said, lifting up her pale face to mine. "Only this morning he missed the ring from my finger uneasily; we are alone in the world; it is the only relic left of one so lately taken from us, how can I tell him it's lost?"

"I am exceedingly sorry to pain you, I said, striving to be firm; but it would be more satisfactory for all parties and cause but little delay if you could obtain the description from your brother."

Without a word of murmur she turned away; the very mournful resignation of her air and attitude touched me, and, as she turned, I saw a tear roll silently down and fall upon the hand stretched out to the door handle. I couldn't stand that.

"Stop!" I exclaimed, "one moment. I am sure—I feel certain—I may trust you. You will tell me—"

I take the ring from its security, I hold it out timidly for the blue eyes to examine.

I see the look of delight overpread her fine features—I see the expression of almost childish pleasure in her eyes as she looked up at me, as she clasped her hands and cried out, "The ring, the ring! Oh, Alfred, my dear brother!"

Her hand was upon it; such a tremulous, happy eagerness in her glance; such a caressing fondness in her way of fingering it. How pretty she was.

"My dear child" (I am forty-five) "it gives me sincere pleasure—"

"Then I stammer, then I spring after her. "At least, you will leave your address with me."

What a look shades her face now! Wounded integrity mingled with pity for me.

"Ah, sir," she says, sadly, bending me the card on which she has been penciling, "some day you will be sorry for this. You do not trust me."

Certainly, I am a brute. The accent of reproach in her voice haunts me; the sorrowful glance of her eye—how pretty she is! I sit down to my breakfast in the morning, half inclined to call at the address given, and apologize for my heathenish distrust. How delightful to see her in her own peculiar atmosphere, ministering to the sick brother who is all she has in the world, to look upon, if one cannot enjoy, the beautiful tenderness of a gentle sister to an afflicted brother. But my letters wait and I try with them. This is a hand I know. What does Fred want, I wonder? I tear it open; I read:

"DEAR JACK—What a queer chance! If you have stumbled upon my ring, I was obliged to run down to Romford last evening, and never missed it till we reached at Lifford. A pretty taking! I've been in. If it's mine, the crest is inside; you know it—a mailed hand holding a lance, and the motto, 'Armed at all points.' Verily truth is stranger than fiction. Keep it for me, please. THINE, FRED VIXXIO."

Idiot! Gull! It is quite useless to call my self names. It is almost superfluous to add, that when I called at a certain address in Eaton Square to inquire for Miss Lucy Hamilton, the lady was not found. Probably the "dear Alfred" had required speedy change of air; probably brother and sister were even now embracing in rapturous gratitude over the precious relic of the one lost to them so lately. Was that dear one lost, but transformed? Had the silver-haired patriarch of the first visit changed to the dashing back of the third? And was the virtuous teacher of youth only the tender sister in masquerade? On my word, I believe so. I dare say they are enjoying the joke. Possibly it is a dodge often repeated. But what am I to say to Fred?

A Sad but True Story.

Some time ago, says the Cincinnati Daily Times, while the family were at dinner one day, at one of our wealthy farmer's houses, in Pendleton county, Kentucky, the wife of the house held walked out of the room. Her departure was not noticed particularly, until the lapse of time made it obvious that she would not return. Observation soon convinced the husband that his wife had eloped with a hired man who had been at work on the place. Time in its progress allayed the mortification and assuaged the pain of the deserted husband, and he plodded on from day to day in the silent and almost unvarying monotony of his course.

The wife was heard of no more.

New affections then sprang up in the breast of the man, whose heart-strings were so suddenly and so rudely torn. The sister of her who had been the departed wife—for the husband was now divorced by law—slowly and almost unconsciously gained favor in his eyes, and filled the vacant place in his sympathies. He married her.

The period of six months in the first year's marriage of the second sister glided away, when one day a knock was heard at the door, and the absent wife was returned.

The hired man with whom she had gone away fell into drunkenness and debauchery, soon treated the deluded woman with neglect and cruelty, and at length deserted her.

She struggled on, then, amid many privations and much suffering, and in the maze of her miseries wandered back to her father's house, whose farm was adjoining her husband's. Her father would not permit her to come into the house, and commanded her to leave.

She then turned to her husband's house, and there he found her in the doorway when he came to answer the summons.

Her worn and tattered garb, pale and haggard countenance, lack-lustre eyes and sorrowful air made her such an object whose sadness can be pictured only in the mind.

The husband, lost to her, was struck dumb with a pang of recollection that penetrated him like a thunderbolt; in a moment more the gloom-cloud opened a little, and a tear-drop glistening fell from his eye.

His wife could not see her sister. No member of the family would hold intercourse with her. She could not live with them.

But the husband built her a cabin in the extreme corner of the farm, provided for her subsistence, and there she now lives, an utter stranger in her own household.

Singular Strategem.

When the celebrated Grotius was imprisoned in the castle of Louvestein, his wife Marie de Reigeborg, followed him thither to endeavor, by her presence and affectionate attentions, to alleviate the miseries of long captivity. While she was with him, her tenderness suggested a singular strategem for his escape.

Grotius was at that time occupied in writing the works which acquired for him so great a celebrity, and having occasion for a great number of books, he requested and obtained permission to borrow all that he should require. He had sent a large trunk for these books, into which he likewise put his own linen and that of his wife. When he had consulted these books and had done with them, they were returned, and fresh ones brought in like manner.

After about a year and a half had elapsed, during which Grotius had undergone a rigorous captivity, Marie, observing that the guards, weary of finding nothing in the trunk but books and linen, no longer took the pains to search it, persuaded Grotius to place himself in it instead of the books, having previously made some holes in the part where his head would lie, to admit

Literary Miscellany.

The Glory of the West—Picturesque Description of a Prairie Cornfield.

It is fashionable to write of the monotony of the prairies; to applaud them to the echo, and then say "but." But we have observed that those who watch them longest, love and admire them most. They change like clouds in heaven, as the dawning year comes on; the tattered coat of early spring, the touch of April, and the tints of May; June, with its page of floral beauty; July and August, each with something new; September's gold, October's rich, true autumn, and the glory that November gives; there is no monotony in such magic fullings of the prairie's dress, from new to full, till latest fall's eclipse.

Clothe them with corn, and there is nothing grander. In a day's ride over the broad sweep of Egyptian plains we saw great armies; with silken plume and tassel, uniformed in green they stood, rank after rank, as far as we could see. For nine miles had we been flying along the lengthened line, and to the wind, if not us, ten thousand glittering blades were waved in grand salute. Most glorious guard for Ceres' golden court is Indian corn; most beautiful in the tender blade, and graceful in the full and ripened ear. What would old Joel Barlow, who sang the sweets of hasty-pudding, say to such a scene as we beheld that day? There, indeed, it is, that—

"Like a column of Corinthian mould,
The stalk struts upward, and the leaves unfold;
The busy branches all the sides fill,
Entwine their arms, and kiss from hill to hill."

Like armies deploying on a plain, the cornfields seemed, as we dashed swiftly by; now closing up, at the word of some "voice we could not hear," and now wheeling by sections, and marching swiftly and silently away. We meet detachments, a hundred thousand strong, hastening to the rendezvous; we saw them afar off, moving by companies, along the sky line, parallel with the rushing train; they approached us by regiments; they opened upon us by platoons. Well officered were they all, for the field was full of kernels. They rose upon us as if from ambush, as we came; they shot-tended like the morning shadows, as we went. They were the standing armies of Egypt; let them conquer forever.

—B. F. Taylor, in the Chicago Journal.

A Visit to the Mammoth Cave.

Correspondence of the Cleveland Herald.

The following private letter from my daughter is at your service for publication in your excellent paper.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Oct. 30, 1860.

DEAR FATHER.—As there is nothing particularly interesting going on at day, and I have a great terror of "ennui," how can I better turn my unoccupied time to account than by giving you a short description of what you at least, will take some interest in reading—that greatest of all natural wonders, "The Mammoth Cave" of Kentucky.

After a hard ride of nine miles over a wild Kentucky road, where the stage came so near upsetting that an unwary passenger on the top of the old-fashioned stage coach rolled off, we arrived at the mouth of the Cave, where, after arranging my toilet in a manner that our fair Cleveland girls would consider anything but "recherché," and our party being provided with lanterns, we go down a flight of stone steps down a steep ladder into an enormous vault.

It is not cold, uniform temperature 60°, but there is a sort of unearthly atmosphere that makes us quiet and awestruck.

The walk instead of being damp is dry and even dusty. It is still as death, and it seems wicked almost for us to disturb the silence that reigns there; the regular sound of our footsteps, as we go in single file from the darkness into the darkness, arouses the myriads of bats who live there, who as we pass, make their complaining cry, and as silent again as we leave them, to follow the interminable windings of the cave, now down a steep ladder, holding your lantern in your mouth perhaps, now stopping almost double in the low passages, down old stone ladders not so steep and we stand on a little bridge.

"The Bridge of Sighs"—Spanning the "Bottomless Pit," which, as we stand on the frail work that separates us from Eternity, extends on either side of us, into shade.

If we grasping with one hand the cornice of the bridge, with our lantern in our other, stretch over and try to see the length and breadth, we only make the darkness of it more visible. But our guide, ever prepared, throws down a light, which we watch with suspended breath, as they go down, down, growing more and more feeble, till "it stops," cries one "it has reached the bottom," but no! on it goes, till its faint glimmer is lost in the "Bottomless Pit."

As a shudder we turn, and after ascending the steep ladder, we visit a vast amphitheater, where, by the peculiar shading which our lanterns throw upon the roof, we, by the aid of a strong imagination, see innumerable likenesses. In this grand photographic gallery we discern the profile of a very cheerful looking giant, perhaps the very one of seven league motorty; at any rate we are very glad he had his "picture taken" before he was put in that great stone coffin we saw awhile ago, suspended, as it seemed in mid air, fifty feet long, with cover and all complete. Farther on, if we keep silent (not a hard thing to do, for we scarcely breathe aloud), we hear the ticking of the "Water Clock," which for regularity of time exceeds even any of the chronometers of Crittenden. It is a wonderful clock, for

caused by the continual falling of the water, it is always running down, it never stops. Constructed at the time the great Creator set all things going, it has and will keep good time, till it is wound up with all earthly things.

Passing still further on, we come to a place where were thirteen cottages erected for the occupancy of a party of consumptives. They entered the cave with the hope of curing the terrible disease, and for four months existed in this gloomy place, until the pupils of his eye, expanding to catch all the rays of light their feeble lanterns gave, finally extended over the whole iris. One by one they left the "darkness and shadow of death" for a world of light. Leaving the abode of death, we go on to the celebrated "Star Chamber," where, by straining the eyes and imagination, we are made to "see stars," where we see the sun set and rise, but find the poetry destroyed by knowing it had on a red flannel shirt and blue overalls. Passing out we see some of those far famed stalactites, which are truly the work of time, requiring thirty years to form the thickness of a wafer. Seeing huge piles of stones with the names of different States and cities upon them, we, by dint of bruising our fingers, made a small beginning for a monument to Cleveland, trusting to some other wandering ones of our beautiful Forest City to make "a great ending."

Affectionately, L. B. B.

The Last Hours of La Fayette.

No life had ever been more passionately political than his; no man had ever placed his ideas and political sentiments more constantly above all other pre-possessions or interests. But politics were utterly unconnected with his death. For three weeks, he approached his last hour, children and household surrounded his bed, he ceased to speak, and it was doubtful whether he could gesture. His son George observed that with uncertain gesture he sought for something in his bosom. He came to his father's assistance, and placed in his hand a medallion which he always wore around his neck. M. de La Fayette raised it to his lips; this was his last motion. That medallion contained a miniature and a lock of hair of Madame de La Fayette, his wife, whose loss he had mourned for twenty-seven years. Thus already separated from the entire world, alone with the thought and image of the devoted companion of his life, he died.

In arranging his funeral, it was a recognized fact in the family, that M. de La Fayette had always wished to be buried in a small cemetery adjoining the Convent of Picpus, by the side of his wife, in the midst of victims of the Revolution, the greater part royalists and aristocrats, whose ancestors had founded that pious establishment. The desire of the veteran of 1789 was scrupulously respected and complied with. An immense crowd—soldiers, national guards and populace—accompanied the funeral procession along the boulevards and streets of Paris. Arrived at the gate of the convent of Picpus, the crowd halted; the interior enclosure could only admit two or three hundred persons. The family, the nearest relatives, and the principal authorities entered, passed through the Convent in silence, then across the garden, and finally entered the cemetery. There, no political manifestation took place; no oration was pronounced; religion and the intimate reminiscences of the soul alone were present.—Guizot's Memoirs.

Exciting News from the South!

GEORGIA AND SOUTH CAROLINA ARMING!

NORTHERN MEN ORDERED AWAY!

Resignation of Senators Toombs and Chestnut!

HOSTILITY TO YANKEES!

SECESSION FEELING IN VIRGINIA!

Extravagant Action and Reports!

ENROLLING OF MINUTE MEN!

ENTHUSIASTIC MEETINGS!

CONVENTIONS TO BE HELD!

Kentucky Denouncing Secession, &c.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 8.

The speaker of the House, last night, received a dispatch from Virginia, tending the services of a volunteer corps, in the event of South Carolina's secession.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 8.

Edward Ruffin spoke last night. He said Southern independence had been his life-long study, and he thought it could only be secured by South Carolina's secession. His speech was rapturously applauded. Other stirring speeches were made. A State Convention is to be called and secession is certain. The election of delegates will probably be ordered on the 4th of December, and the Convention will meet on the 17th. Messrs. Boyce, Bonham and Keitt urged the call for a Convention and immediate action.

A large body of citizens called on the resigning Federal officers last night. They were greeted with enthusiasm. The officials returned thanks in fitting address.

A despatch in the Courier says, Buchanan will resist nullification, but not secession.

MILLERSVILLE, Ga., Nov. 8.

Gov. Brown, in a special message to the legislature, thinks, but few States will meet the Southern Convention and does not recommend the appointment of delegates from Georgia.

He thinks the constitutional rights of the people of Georgia have been violated by several non-slaveholding States to the extent of justifying in the judgment of civilized nations the adoption of any measures necessary for the restoration of the future protection of their rights.

The Governor entertains no doubt of the right of each State to decide to act for herself so long as all the States abide in good faith by the Constitutional obligations. No State can withdraw from the Union without being guilty of bad faith to the others—any violation of the compact re-lieves all parties. The right of secession for cause was only denied by those who deny the sovereignty of the States.

The message fills 22 closely printed octavo pages. A full review of offensive Southern legislation and concludes thus: For the purpose of putting the State in a defensive condition as fast as possible and preparing for the emergency which must be met sooner or later, he recommends that the sum of \$1,000,000 be immediately appropriated as a military fund for the ensuing year, and prompt provision made for raising such portion of the money as may not be in the treasury, as fast as the public expenditures require. "Millions for defense—not one cent for tribute," should be the future motto of the Southern States. To every demand for further concession or compromise of our rights, we should reply that argument is exhausted and we now stand on our arms.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 8.

James Connor, District Attorney, has resigned. Col. Cook, Collector, and Jacobs Deputy Collector, and Jacobs Deputy Collector, have notified the President of their resignations.

SAN ANTONIO, Nov. 8.

The mass meeting by the citizens to-night was the largest ever held here. Capt. Jno. W. Anderson, chosen President, and Chas. H. Way, Secretary.

The following resolutions were moved by Capt. N. S. Bartow, seconded by Col. Henry B. Jackson, and supported in an eloquent and patriotic speech by Hon. W. Law, Bell collector of the State at large, and were adopted unanimously, and without dissent:

Resolved, That the election of Lincoln and Hamilton to the Presidency and Vice Presidency of the United States ought not and will not be submitted to.

Resolved, That we respectfully recommend the legislature to take immediate steps to organize the passing of such laws as will be likely to alleviate any unusual embarrassments of the commercial interests of the State consequent upon the present political emergency.

Resolved, That we respectfully suggest to the legislature to take immediate steps to organize the passing of such laws as will be likely to alleviate any unusual embarrassments of the commercial interests of the State consequent upon the present political emergency.

Resolved, That copies of the foregoing resolutions be sent without delay to our Senators and Representatives in the General Assembly of the State, who are hereby requested to lay them before the houses of which they are respective members.

The Colonial flag of Georgia was raised this

afternoon on Green's Monument on Johnson's Square, in the presence of an immense multitude. Addresses were made, and great excitement prevailed. Capt. Bartow, Colonel Jackson, Mayor Johnson, and others are now addressing immense crowds of citizens in Johnson's Square.

AGUSTA, Ga., Nov. 8.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held to-night for the formation of a club of minute men. Spirited addresses were made, and a large number of citizens in Johnson's Square.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Nov. 9.

The Mail publishes a despatch from Apalachicola, stating that McQueen McIntosh, Federal Judge for Florida, will not hold office under Lincoln.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.

LATEST.—The members of the Brokers' Board had despatches yesterday from prominent parties in South Carolina and other Southern States, giving assurance that there will be no secession at present or hereafter, unless Lincoln commits overt acts of injustice.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 8.

The bark James Gray, owned by Cushings, of the Boston line, lying at our wharves, under instructions from the owners, has hoisted the Palmetto flag and fired three guns.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.

factory—made here in the Buckeye State, and made well; and that the goods out of which they are made, are purchased by a heavy and experienced buyer for cash who has every possible advantage which the eastern market affords in securing them at the very lowest prices; and therefore I feel confident to be able to sell on such terms as cannot fail to satisfy. Give me a call before purchasing.

OCTOBER 1.

F. E. CECILIAN.

E. R. DIBLE, J. C. WORK, J. C. MOORE
HENRY S. WARDEN.
Late of the FINEST
DIBLE, WORK & MOORE,
Importers and Jobbers of
Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
OF CHAMBERS & 70 & 81 READE ST., N. Y.

Bring along your Produce; we would rather have it than the Cash: C. & J. COOPER
Sept 4th.

Duff and Company's

LINE OF MERCANTILE COLLEGES
AT PITTSBURGH and
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.,
WHEELING, Va.,
COLUMBUS, O., and
BURLINGTON, Iowa
With a Full Staff of Experienced Teachers,
and **trained for business by the Principal. Students**
will find, by proper inquiry, that by
attending these colleges, they will be able to
obtain positions of great importance and
highly remunerative.

graduating in this institution, at Wheeling, Va., and branches, at Philadelphia, Pa., Wheeling, Va., and Columbus, O., they will obtain the following important advantages over those of any other Commercial School in the country:

- 1st. Its reputation follows its students through life.
- 2d. The Student is instructed in both foreign and domestic business.
- 3d. His training includes matters of practice (wholly unknown to common teachers,) that greatly diminish his chances of failure in business.

- 4th. Changing Single into Double Entry without new books.
- 5th. New method of proving books—found in Duff's Book-keeping only.
- 6th. The six columned Journal.
- 7th. Duff's self-proving Bill Books.
- 8th. Duff's new form of Bank Check Books.
- 9th. Duff's Rule for winding up dissolved partnerships.
- 10th. Duff's Rules for adjusting deranged Books.

- 4th. Changing Single into Double Entry without new books.
- 5th. New method of proving books—found in Duff's Book-keeping only.
- 6th. The six columned Journal.
- 7th. Duff's self-proving Bill Books.
- 8th. Duff's new form of Bank Check Books.
- 9th. Duff's Rule for winding up dissolved partnerships.
- 10th. Duff's Rules for adjusting deranged Books.

- 11th. Duff's Rules for computing interest.
- 12th. Practice in making out Merchants' invoices.
- 13th. Specifications for constructing accounts of sales.
- 14th. Steamers re-shipping freight and passengers.
- 15th. Settlements between owners.
- 16th. Settlements between owners after sale of the vessel.
- 17th. Sale of one owner's share to another.
- 18th. Steamer's Single Entry changed to Double

19th. Exercises in adjusting Steamer's deranged Books.

20th. On graduating, each student is presented with an elegant bound copy of Duncan's Business and Ornamental Penmanship—the most valuable work on the science now published.

Fiftieth. Five Premium Silver Medals and Diplomas for Duff's Book-keeping and Duncan's Penmanship, since 1856, are exhibited in our office.

Engravings are ever sent to correspondents as

Bryant & Lusk and Stratton's

Mercantile College

LOCATED AT

1. CLEVELAND, OHIO, corner of Superior and Seneca Streets.

2. NEW YORK CITY.—Peter Cooper Institute.

3. PHILADELPHIA, PA., corner of Seventh and

4. ALBANY, N. Y., 416 and 418 Broadway.
5. BUFFALO, N. Y., cor. Main and Seneca Sts.
6. DETROIT, MICH., 70 Woodward Avenue.
7. CHICAGO, ILL., 45 Clark Street.

Grand Consolidation of
Bryant and Stratton's.
E. G. Folsom & also, Hollister & Felton's
CLEVELAND MERCANTILE COLLEGES.

FOLSOM & FELTON, Resident Principals.
A Scholarship is good in either of the seven Colleges.
SPENCERIAN PENMANSHIP is taught by the best
masters.
Law Lectures from the Union and Ohio Law College
Present & Stratton's "American Merchant"

For further information call at the rooms, send for Catalogue or address (posting stamp enclosed)
BRYANT, FOLSOM, STRATTON & FELTON,
Cleveland, Ohio.

\$35. Cheapest! Best!!! Largest!!!
PAYS for Tuition in Single and Double Ent.
 Book-Keeping, Writing, Commercial Arithmeth.
 and Lectures.
Board 8 weeks \$20, Stationery \$7, Tuition \$35.

Usual time from 6 to 10 weeks. Every Student, upon graduating, is guaranteed competent to manage the books of any business, and qualified to earn a salary of from **\$500 to \$1000.** Students enter at any time—No vacation—Review at pleasure. First Premiums for Best Business Writing for 1859, received at Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Ohio State

Fairs. Also at the principal Fairs of the Union for the past four years.

Ministers' Sons received at half price.

For Circulars, Specimens and Embellished View of the College, inclose five letter stamps to nov15,'59. F. W. JENKINS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

STAND FROM UNDER!

CITY OF MARTINSBURG

THOS. ROGERS
IS RECEIVING and opening a very large and
general assortment of
Dry Goods,
GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS
AND BONNETS. Also,
READY-MADE CLOTHING!
All of which has been purchased at low water mark.

Give us a call and see if we can't beat the small villages around, such as Gladensburg, Mt. Vernon, Utica, &c.

other goods at low prices.
Overcoats \$3.50; Good Vests \$1.37;
Pants at all prices from \$1.50 to \$6.00.
Martinsburg, oct26

LIME! LIME! LIME!!! LIME!!!!
THE undersigned still continues the manufacture
and sale of
PURE WHITE LIME,
Near "White Sulphur" Station on the Springfield,
Mt. Vernon, and Pitts-burgh Railroad.

A SUPPLY CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
This lime has been extensively used for years, and is universally considered

THE BEST LIME IN THE STATE.
It will be delivered on the cars of the E., M. & V. and P. Railroad, at my switch, when desired. Price, \$1.25 per ton, or 12 cents for two half bushels "quick" (or unslacked) lime.

Orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

RICHARD COLVIN

april2:m6 "White Sulphur," Delaware Co., O

PHILLIPS & CO.,
No. 109 Front Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
BELL AND BRASS FOUNDRY,
CLASS and Steam Fitting in all its branches.—
Manufacturers of Railroad Tank Valves, Steam
Whistles, Steam Valves, Oil Globes, Gudge Cocks,
and all kinds of finished Brass Work. Fittings for
Grs, Water and Steam, and dealers in

CHANDELIERS, PENDANTS,
And Gas Fixtures. Brass castings for Railroad Cars,
Steam Engines, Rolling Mills, &c. Anti-friction
Metal kept constantly on hand. Particular attention
is paid to heating by Steam Churches, Court Houses,
Halls, and all kinds of public and private buildings.
All orders promptly attended to, at prices that
cannot fail to please.
Discharge, Apr. 7-ly.

At \$100,000 Jewelry offered to the Trade at less prices than any other house in the city. Send for my Catalogue of articles and prices.

On the receipt of one dollar by mail, I will forward to any address a beautiful set of Gold Studs and sleeve Buttons, or a No. 4 Gold Locket, or a Gold Stone or Seal Ring; for \$3, a Ladies' Breast Pin and Ear Drops, either Cameo, Mossie, Florentine, Gold Stone, or any other styles; or for \$7, a silver, open face watch; or for \$25, a Fine Gold

hunting case, lever watch, warranted to keep good time; or for \$10, a Fine Gold Vest Chain; or for \$6, a Fine Gold Neck Chain, as samples of any of my goods. Young men out of employment could not do better than invest a small sum in my Jewelry, and dispose of it through the country.

Address, **MOSES K. GLINES,**
Wholesale Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y.
Feb 21, 1860.